

WARREN
MAGAZINE

FIVE MACABRELY ILLUSTRATED CLASSICS OF HORROR!



VAMPI
#42

60p

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VAMPIRELLA

VAMPIRELLA
IS SHOT!
WOUNDED
AND NEAR
DEATH.
FROM THE
BULLET
OF A
MYSTERIOUS
SNIPER-
ASSASSIN!



ALSO:
ADAM
AND
CONRAD
VAN HELSING
RETURN!
AND ONE
MUST DIE!
THE VICTIM
OF A
LURKING
KILLER!



THINK OF THIS BOOK
AS A ROCKETSHIP TO
TERROR. I'M YOUR
PILOT... VAMPIRELLA.
I WANT YOU TO
MEET MY CREW.

A MAN WHO SEES
MARTIANS CAN BE A
VALUABLE ASSET.
A SEVEN-FOOT TALL
WERE-BUNNY
DEFINATELY IS NOT.

BUT DON'T WORRY
THE LAST SOLDIER
WILL SLAY HIM. IF
THE WOLVES OF WAR
DON'T GET TO HIM
FIRST!

TWO MINUTES INSIDE
NEW YORK AND POOR
PENDY AND I ARE
CHARGED WITH MURDER.
ME? A MURDERESS?
CONRAD AND ADAM
VAN HELSING RETURN.



OUR COVER

VAMPIRELLA shot? Murdered? Impossible! But this beautiful cover painting by Riba seems to say it's true. For excitement and suspense read this issue's VAMPIRELLA.

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VAMPIRELLA

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VAMPIRELLA Vampirella and Pendragon hurried through customs. Waiting for them were two New York cops. Their mission: arrest the vampiress for murder. But something came between them and their assignment. An assassin's bullet!

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WOLVES AT WAR'S END War slays men who fall beneath its sword. The old and children starve, wailing in untrilled fields. Plague drags down survivors. Yet still I stand. I will appease the carrion wolves of war. For I am the Last Soldier!

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EASTER BUNNY MURDERS Over 15 people saw the murderer. Including a cop. But most of them were reluctant to describe the assailant. Not because they didn't want to get involved. They simply knew no one would believe what they saw.

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CULT OF THE DEAD Did you ever want to be a Superman? To be smarter, quicker, stronger than everybody? A Chicago professor thought he had found the answer. Like the fish his mom had urged him to eat when he was small, it was real brain food!

50

ANGUS CROW'S TESTAMENT Angus Crow saw Martians. And he heard 'em. When he mentioned it, most people thought he was mad. The Martians agreed. Angus was indeed crazy! The solution was to lock him up where he could do no harm. Permanently!

CONCERNING OUR MAIL ORDER ADVERTISEMENTS: Warren Publishing Co. guarantees the delivery and satisfaction of all items advertised in this issue. Should you need to write us concerning an order, whether it be from our address or a Post Office Box address, send your letter to: E.C. Ioss, Customer Service Dept., Warren Publishing Co., 145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.



"Goodbye, My Love" was an intriguing satire!

Flaxman Loew's stories may be becoming less and less impressive of late, but he certainly deserves congratulations for "The Malignant Morticians" in VAMPIRELLA #41. Loew turned in a gripping tale without recourse to werewolves, demons, or other overused grotesqueries.

The concluding Dracula tale by Gerry Boudreau was the best in the series' three issue run. It masterfully portrayed prejudice, love and pathos, not only in Dracula's plight, but in that of the supporting characters, also. It was a brilliant story.

Aside from the VAMPIRELLA and Dracula tales, however, the issue was a disappointment. "House on the Sea" went nowhere. "Wickford Witches" was unimaginative and predictable. And, though "Goodbye, My Love . . ." was a good character study, the twist ending was contrived and unbelievable.

ED O'REILLY
Ada, Ohio

Several recent letters columns have carried comments by readers who want Pantha retired from VAMPIRELLA. I don't agree. I like Pantha quite a lot and want her to remain. I particularly like the sequences where she changes from woman to cat.

How about a Pantha or VAMPIRELLA in color, if and when you resume the color. Maybe in the summer special issue, huh?

J.W. JOHNSON
Salt Lake City, Utah

As has been our practice in the past, J.W., VAMPI's once-yearly color story will be featured in her summer annual. All summer long you can look forward to lots of color in all the Warren magazines.



VAMPIRELLA #41 was the first issue in about two years in which VAMPI herself was not up to par. "The Malignant Morticians" was bad news . . . both in the script and art department. Flaxman Loew has written some terrific tales, and I thought his final VAMPI saga would surely be one of them. But the whole thing was too campy-chee to be considered a good horror story.

Leopold Sanchez is normally a fair-to-middling artist.

This story, however, looked like he completed it in one night. It was VAMPIRELLA's poorest art to date. Please bring back Jose Gonzalez as the strip's permanent artist. I personally think the Bill DuBay-Gonzalez team would make VAMPIRELLA come alive like never before. And at this point in her career, she needs it.

It was impossible to paint an exciting cover from this month's VAMPI story, so you came up with one that had nothing to do with it. I don't mind. It was nice to see our girl back on the cover again. Perhaps I am a minority, but I believe that she should appear on the cover every issue.

The Dracula tale, "Rainy Night in Georgia," was handled extremely well. Annie Lee Baker was a fascinating character. Her relationship with Garuda, the bird man, was quite touching. And of course, the Esteban Maroto art was splendid.

"The House on the Sea" was quite possibly the best story in the book this month, and it marks the first time I have ever really enjoyed Aurelio's art. Oveido's scratchy white lines, it was very smooth, very nice. I don't want to see the aforementioned style returned to Pantha . . . in fact, I don't want to see Pantha at all. She's ridiculous.

I don't know if I should be offended by "Goodbye, My Love, Goodbye," or if I should love it. Fernando Fernandez either made a brilliant, vicious comment on the atheist, sexist society we live in, or he is enforcing those ideals. At any rate, it was food for thought.

BOB RODI
Oak Brook, Ill.

Now that Flaxman Loew is leaving the VAMPIRELLA series, I would like to be the first to thank him for many entertaining and exciting stories.

I sincerely hope we will be seeing his work elsewhere in the Warren magazines.

ALAN NOROMARK
Dalton, Penn.

After a series of mediocre offerings, the forty-first issue of VAMPIRELLA heralded an upswing. And judging from the answers printed to some of the letters in the issue's "Scarlet Letters," the best is yet to come.

You realize, of course, that giving us these tidbits of information is like waving a bottle of blood under VAMPI's pretty nose. To say that it whets the appetite would be an understatement. But please don't stop it now!

The cover this month is one of Enrich's best. VAMPI's look of stark terror was enough to make me uneasy. But then he has made frightened females his specialty. The cover might have been more effective, however, if held back until a better companion story than "The Malignant Morticians" could be written.

The stories in this issue, aside from the VAMPIRELLA episode, were better done than those in recent issues. "The House on the Sea" was most welcome. I hope it is an indication that we'll be seeing more stories of greater length.

"Goodbye, My Love, Goodbye" showed Fernando Fernandez on the right track again after a couple of bombs.

The Wickford Witches was marred only by the trite ending. Otherwise, it was the best story in the magazine.

"Rainy Night in Georgia" was typical of the new Dracula series. Okay, but not spectacular. We never know anything about Drac except what Cassandra chooses to tell us. Also, the theme of this episode received better treatment in Bill DuBay's "Freedom's Just Another Word" in CREEPY #53.

I miss the color section. I hope rising costs haven't forced you to drop the color entirely! Still, that would be preferable to a raise in price.

Regarding "The Malignant Morticians," Leopold Sanchez still isn't my idea of a substitute for Jose Gonzalez, on the VAMPI series. Although he seems to have taken more care drawing our girl than he did formerly, she still does not have the beauty once bestowed upon her by Gonzalez.

I'm afraid, too, that "The Malignant Morticians" was the worst of the Flaxman Loew scripts . . . which is pretty bad. That DuBay is taking over the VAMPIRELLA saga is the best news for Warren since Esteban Maroto threw away his F.O.O.M. button. From this point on, our heroine will be returning to the status she once enjoyed.

BRIAN CAOEN
Cincinnati, Ohio



"Goodbye, My Love, Goodbye" and "The House on the Sea" tied for top honors in VAMPIRELLA #41. Though readers had varying concepts of the theme and message of each, they all agreed that the art and stories were stunning!

"House on the Sea" was unique!

I was walking around in a state of boredom in an off-the-beaten-path drug store, looking for some typewriter ribbon, when I came across an elaborate magazine rack. Always one to be perked up by an interesting and entertaining magazine, I started to check out the new selections. Finally I picked up VAMPIRELLA #41.

I had heard of the magazine before. I have even caught a glimpse of it from time to time. But I had never actually bought a copy. So, after a few moments of debate over the price, I headed for the cashier, issue in hand.

When I got around to reading it, one of the first things that caught my eye was a block in the lower right hand corner of page five, suggesting "Why not write a vampire today?" Me? Write a vampire? But I thought, why not?

I eagerly absorbed every word... every line of art in the book, until, upon reaching the last page I was in quite a state. Now I'm trying to decide... considering the current economic crisis, my unavailability for unemployment compensation and the dishing out of my savings for evening courses at both college and technical school... how I am going to get enough money together for a subscription. But it's a problem I'll overcome even if I have to sell apples on a street corner.

Thank you for sharing your tales with me. I am sorry that it was only after forty issues that I found you.

DAVID ROY BAXTER
Lancaster, Penn.

Thank YOU for finding us, David!

Now that VAMPIRELLA is getting a new writer, how about some new plots? VAMPI is a very beautiful woman. Why not have her battle other beauties... powerful female demons of chaos, witches or beast women like herself? Maybe she could even meet Pantha in battle, only to become friends later.

I like Pantha a lot and hope her series will become a regular feature in VAMPIRELLA.

I guess I just like beautiful female heroines. I'd like to see more and more of them.

WILSON RIVERA
Brooklyn, N.Y.

You've got them, Wilson. A VAMPI-Pantha teamup is being written even now. And Pantha is only one of a whole new batch of female foes for our girl from Drakul-

VAMPIRELLA #41 was simply a masterpiece!

The cover by Enrich was chilling. And the inside cover by Jose Gonzalez was a stunner!

The Malignant Morticians" was an average Flaxman Loew story with a simple but good plot. But like most of Loew's stories it lacked feeling or meaning. And as always, it was just too predictable.

I am looking forward to the start of Bill DuBay's VAMPIRELLA scripts. I hope he will be able to rescue VAMPI from Loew's stagnant mire of stale stories. If DuBay turns out stories similar to "What Price Love," his first VAMPIRELLA tale, way back in issue #25, the series will definitely be great again!

The three-episode Dracula series has really been a fine, fine treat. And "Rainy Night in Georgia" was no exception. It was well-written, exciting and packed with ethical commentary. It made good points about prejudice and judgement. Esteban Maroto's art is always special, and it has made the series all the more enjoyable.

The idea of rotating Dracula, Pantha and Fleur is a good one. I enjoy all three mini-series, and am looking forward to following each. Pantha, particularly, has been absent from your pages far too long.

"House on the Sea" was an excellent story. A classic. It held my interest and got more mysterious as the story progressed. The ending was nothing short of brilliant! It was an interesting concept of life after death and reincarnation. Author Jim Stenstrum is a genius. And Auraleon's art lived up to the story. What more can I say?

"The Wickford Witches" was a fine, mysterious whodunit, spiked with romance and the supernatural. It was awfully short... but it was awfully good, too.

"Goodbye, My Love, Goodbye" was another fine piece of workmanship. It was beautiful and deeply moving. The narrative and descriptions were brilliant. The ending was so powerful and had such impact that I just sat there after I had read the story, staring off into space. It was unbelievably sad. What a story! Fernando Fernandez is definitely your best artist-writer. He deserves a Warren Award in 1975.

RUSSELL KALTSCHMIDT
Long Island, N.Y.



The great Pantha controversy rages on. Several readers have written calling for an end to the Pantha series. Now Pantha's fans have jumped to her defense. The strip may make some new converts. Budd Lewis' newscripts are great!

VAMPIRELLA #41 was a work of art, from Enrich's cover to Fernando Fernandez' "Goodbye, My Love, Goodbye." I loved it.

"I'm even getting used to the Leopold Sanchez art on the VAMPIRELLA strip, though I'd rather see Jose Gonzalez. His inside front cover was a masterpiece.

The Dracula story, "Rainy Night in Georgia" was alone worth the dollar price of the magazine. Esteban Maroto's art gets better with each passing issue. The last two panels were simply overwhelming, as was the whole story.

TERRY DOUGLAS
Madison, Tenn.

"The House on the Sea" was my favorite story in VAMPIRELLA #41. It's been awhile since Warren has published a story as lengthy as this. The eighteen pages allotted allowed for greater depth of plot and character development. And it demanded that both the artist and writer give us their best to keep us interested for so many pages. Jim Stenstrum and Auraleon did just that. I'd like to thank them for a masterpiece.

Please give us more long stories like this. And soon.

JON PEAKE
Huntington, W. Va.

UNCLE CREEPY & COUSIN EERIE GET MORE MAIL THAN VAMPIRELLA!

It's true. VAMPI may be prettier than Uncle Creepy or Cousin Eerie, but she doesn't get as much mail! She feels unloved! Why not write a vampire today? Send a letter to: VAMPI'S SCARLET LETTERS c/o Warren Publishing Co. 145 East 32nd Street New York, N.Y. 10016



IN JULY, 1969, THREE MEN AND A TELEVISION CAMERA WERE LAUNCHED INTO SPACE. AND MILLIONS OF PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD WATCHED AS MAN LANDED ON THE MOON, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY.

IN AUGUST, 1969, ONE SHORT MONTH AFTER THAT HISTORIC MOONWALK, THE UNITED STATES LAUNCHED ANOTHER ROCKET INTO SPACE. THIS TIME, HOWEVER, THERE WERE NO TELEVISION CAMERAS, NO CHEERING CROWDS. THE LAUNCH WAS KEPT SECRET FROM THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, FROM THE WORLD.

THE SHIP'S DESTINATION: A PLANET IN THE STAR SYSTEM DRACONIS. A PLANET, SCIENTISTS CLAIMED, CAPABLE OF SUPPORTING HUMAN LIFE. A PLANET CALLED DRAKULON.

THAT SHIP AND ITS CREW NEVER RETURNED TO EARTH...OR SO NASA BELIEVES. BUT NASA IS WRONG. THE SHIP SITS, WRECKED AND RUSTING, SOMEWHERE IN THE DENSE WOODS OF THE NORTHEASTERN UNITED STATES. FIVE SHORT YEARS AGO IT LANDED... CARRYING EARTH'S FIRST VISITOR FROM AN ALIEN PLANET. THE GIRL CALLED...

VAMPIRELLA



FOR FIVE YEARS,
VAMPIRELLA HAS TRIED
TO ADAPT TO THIS
STRANGE NEW WORLD. SHE
HAS TRIED TO BECOME
LIKE THE INHABITANTS OF
THIS GREEN AND BLUE
ORB.

WE'RE HOME
PENNY. AT LONG
LAST, WE'RE BACK
IN WONDERFUL
DIRTY OLD NEW
YORK CITY!



AS GOOD
AN EXCUSE FOR
A TOAST AS I'VE
EVER HEARD!

BUT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE
FOR ON VAMPIRELLA'S
WORLD, DRAKULON, MEN
SURVIVED BY DRINKING
BLOOD. DEEP RUBY RED
RIVERS OF BLOOD ONCE
CRISS-CROSSED HER
PLANET, BRINGING LIFE
AND SUBSISTENCE TO THE POPULATION.

JUST THINK... NO
MORE HEADHUNTERS,
SUN GODS OR NAMELESS
RAYSHERS... !



YEAH! PIMPS,
MUGGERS AND
STREET CORNER
CRATORS!

FAR FROM ALLOWING
HER TO ADAPT TO HER
NEW WORLD,
VAMPIRELLA'S
NEED FOR BLOOD HAS
CONDENMED HER AS
AN OUTCAST.

AND I THINK
WE'RE ABOUT TO
MEET OUR FIRST
NATIVES!



IT HAS LABELED HER A
KILLER.

HOLD IT
RIGHT THERE
POPS. PUT THE
HANDS WHERE
I CAN SEE 'EM...
AND LEAN
AGAINST THAT
WALL!

WHAT'S
GOING
ON HERE?

BETTER DO
AS THE NICE MAN
ASKS, VAMPI! I
THINK WE'RE
BEING BUSTED,
AS THE TERM
GOES!



I DON'T
UNDERSTAND!

TEMPER,
VAMPI! THE
MAN'S GOT A
BADGE AND
A GUN!

IN NEW
YORK, IT ISN'T
KOSHER TO
ARGUE WITH
EITHER!

HE'LL SOON FIND
OUT HE'S APPREHENDED
THE WRONG PARTY...
AND THEN HE'LL
APOLOGIZE!

THERE'S NO
MISTAKE, OLD MAN!
YOU AND PUNKIN
HERE ARE WHO WE
WANT...

...FOR
MURDER!



LIKE HELL
YOU DON'T, DOLL!

SREAD
THOSE LEGS...!
CHICK LIKE YOU
SHOULD BE USED
TO THAT BY
NOW!



OUTRAGED, HUMILIATED,
STUNNED, THE BEAUTIFUL
GIRL FROM THE STARS AND
HER AGED COMPANION ARE
QUICKLY USHERED FROM
THE AIRPORT...

...SNIPER!

BLAMMM!

I
DEMAND--
UGNN!

SNIPER!
DIVE FOR
COVER!

KACHOWW!

NOOOOO!

SURELY THERE'S
BEEN AN ERROR,
PERPETRATED BY
ONE OF YOUR
SUPERIORS!



...BUT NOT BEFORE THEY ARE
SPOTTED BY AN UNSEEN...



THE ROOF,
SMITTY! HE'S ON
THE ROOF!

BLAST
'IM!!

NO GOOD!
HE'S STOPPED
FIRING!

AND BEFORE
WE COULD GET
UP THERE, HE'LL
BE HALFWAY TO
MANHATTAN!

BETTER GET
AN AMBULANCE...!
LET'S SEE IF WE
CAN SAVE ONE OF
THESE TWO!



TWO DAYS LATER, AT NEW ENGLAND UNIVERSITY, A HANDSOME YOUNG MAN RETRIEVES THE DAILY MAIL FOR HIS BLIND FATHER... PROFESSOR CONRAD VAN HELSING.

LOOKS LIKE YOUR NOTORIOUS SIXTH SENSE WAS WRONG THIS TIME, DAD!

AS MUCH AS I'D LIKE THERE TO BE, THERE'S STILL NO LETTER FROM VAMPI OR PEN!

ONLY A COUPLE OF BILLS, AND YOUR NEW YORK NEWSPAPER

BUT I WAS SO SURE THERE WOULD BE SOMETHING TODAY! A-AND I JUST CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING THAT SOMETHING DREADFUL HAS HAPPENED TO THEM!

PERHAPS IN THE PAPER, ADAM! LOOK IN THE NEWSPAPER!

GOOD GOD! NO!

I-IT'S VAMPI... PENDRAGON...

...T-THEY'VE BEEN SHOT!

DEAR, LORD! HOW BADLY, ADAM?

IT SAYS HERE THAT BOTH ARE IN CRITICAL CONDITION! THEY WERE SHOT BY AN UNKNOWN ASSAILANT SHORTLY AFTER BEING ARRESTED ON SIX COUNTS OF MURDER!

MURDER? DAD, DO YOU HEAR THAT? VAMPI'S BEING CHARGED WITH THE DEATHS OF SIX PEOPLE!

BUT THAT'S NOT AS IMPORTANT NOW AS VAMPI'S LIFE!

OBVIOUSLY SOMEONE WANTS HER DEAD!

AND IF THEY MISSED THEIR FIRST CRACK AT HER, THEY'RE LIKELY TO TRY AGAIN.

BUT WHO WOULD KILL BOTH PENDRAGON AND VAMPIRELLA?

CALM DOWN, SON!

IT HAD TO HAPPEN SOONER OR LATER! SHE IS A VAMPIRESS AFTER ALL!

HELL, I CAN'T ANSWER THAT!
I HAVEN'T BEEN WITH VAMPI ON
HER RITZY EUROPEAN JAUNTS!

I DON'T KNOW
WHO SHE'S BITTEN,
KILLED OR MADE
LOVE TO LATELY...

... ANY OF WHOM
WOULD POSSIBLY
WANT HER DEAD!



WE'RE NOT TALKING ABOUT
EUROPEAN JAUNTS, ADAM.
THIS HAPPENED RIGHT HERE
... IN NEW YORK!

WHO DO WE KNOW IN
THIS COUNTRY THAT MIGHT
WANT BOTH YOUR GIRL AND
HER MAGICIAN COMPANION
DEAD ...



... AND WHO
HAS THE POWER
TO DO IT?

YOU TELL ME!
YOU'RE THE ONE
WITH THE SIXTH
SENSE!

SIXTH SENSE HAS NOTHING TO
DO WITH IT, BOY! IT'S A SIMPLE
MATTER OF DEDUCTION!

VAMP HAS MADE A LOT OF
ENEMIES, TO BE SURE! BUT
THINK WHO THEY ARE!
THE COBRA QUEEN, DRACULA,
PAPA VODOU AND THE
CULT OF CHAOS!

ALL WOULD LOVE TO
SEND VAMPY TO HER
GRAVE, BUT EACH WOULD
GO ABOUT IT IN A MYSTICAL,
UNEARTHLY WAY!



THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WHO
WOULD TRY A GANGLAND TYPE
KILLING LIKE THIS...

... PENDRAGON'S DAUGHTER,
SARA GRANVILLE!

AND IT SEEMS TO ME THAT
HER JAIL TERM SHOULD
JUST ABOUT BE OVER BY
NOW!



YEAH! IT MAKES SENSE!
SARA'S HUSBAND WAS A BIG
MAN IN THE RACKETS!

BUT HE MADE THE MISTAKE
OF PUMPING SOME DOPE INTO
VAMPY. SHE KILLED HIM
BECAUSE OF IT! *



SARA SMORE VENGEANCE
BEFORE THEY TOOK HER OFF TO
JAIL. SAID SHE'D COME BACK AND
KILL VAMPIRELLA AND
PENDRAGON.

AND IT LOOKS LIKE
SHE JUST MIGHT
SUCCEED, ADAM!



MEANWHILE, IN AN ELEGANT NEW YORK PENTHOUSE, SARA GRANVILLE ENTERTAINS A VERY EXCLUSIVE GUEST!

YOU DID EXCELLENTLY RAVEN! JUST AS I INSTRUCTED!

A LESSER MAN MIGHT HAVE ACCIDENTALLY KILLED ONE OF HIS TARGETS.

YOU PAY ME TO PUT THE BULLETS WHERE YOU SAY, MRS. GRANVILLE!

I'M A PRO! I DON'T MISS!

WHICH IS WHY I BOUGHT YOU AND TRUST YOU IMPLICITLY RAVEN.

EVERYTHING'S WORKED JUST AS I'VE PLANNED.

WE PLANTED EVIDENCE IMPLICATING VAMPIRELLA IN THE DEATH OF MY HUSBAND AND SEVERAL OF HIS MEN...

...WE EVEN TIPPED THE POLICE TO THE GIRL'S ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK!

THE GIRL AND MY BELOVED FATHER, PENDRAGON, WILL BOTH GO TO TRIAL FOR MURDER...!

IN ADDITION, THEY'RE SUFFERING PHYSICALLY, JUST AS THEY MADE MY HUSBAND SUFFER BEFORE THEY SLAUGHTERED HIM.*

BUT IT'S NOT OVER YET! NEXT, THEY'LL EACH SUFFER AS I DID! THEY'LL UNDERGO THE MENTAL ANGUISH OF LOSING A LOVED ONE!

YES, RAVEN, WITH YOUR HELP, MY REVENGE WILL BE COMPLETE!

WE ATTACK VAMPIRELLA AND MY FATHER, MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY! AND AFTER WE'RE THROUGH, THE LAW PUTS THEM AWAY FOR GOOD!

WHEN IT'S OVER, MY HUSBAND WILL BE ABLE TO REST IN HIS GRAVE, AVENGED...

...AND I'LL BE ABLE TO RETURN HOME, TO MY LITTLE BOY... AND TO MY MOTHER!

TONIGHT WE BEGIN THE FINAL PHASE OF OUR PLAN, RAVEN!

TONIGHT, YOU GO TO THE HOSPITAL TO KILL!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, CONRAD AND ADAM VAN HELSING ARRIVE AT NEW YORK MEDICAL CENTER, WHERE THEIR TWO COMRADES LIE IN CRITICAL CONDITION...



SO YOU'RE A FRIEND OF THE MYSTERY GIRL'S, EH, PAL? WELL, IF THAT'S SO, MAYBE YOU CAN TELL ME AND THE DOC HERE A LITTLE ABOUT HER!

I'M MOST INTRIGUED BY HER TOTAL LACK OF A BLOOD TYPE, YOUNG MAN!



LOOK, DOCTOR... I CAN TELL YOU ALL ABOUT THE GIRL! THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT NOW! WHAT IS, IS THAT SOMEONE MAY COME HERE TO KILL HER! MAYBE EVEN TONIGHT!

WE ALREADY FIGURED THAT, KID! IF ANYONE'S SONNA FINISH THE JOB THEY STARTED ON THIS LADY, THEY'LL HAVE TO GET PAST ME AND THE SECURITY GUARD FIRST!



ALRIGHT, SIR... I'M SURE YOU'LL DO YOUR JOB ADEQUATELY. I'LL ANSWER ALL OF YOUR QUESTIONS. BUT FIRST, I'D LIKE TO SEE VAMPIRELLA!

SURE, KID! BUT ONE WRONG MOVE IN THERE, AND YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!

NOW, HOW ABOUT YOU START BY TELLIN' US WHERE THIS GIRL COMES FROM!



I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR NOT
BELIEVING ME. BUT IT'S TRUE
THE GIRL IS FROM OUTER
SPACE... A PLANET
CALLED DRAKULON!

LIKE IN
DRACULA, THE
VAMPIRE
RIGHT? HAH!

EXACTLY! DRACULA IS A
NATIVE OF THE PLANET
DRAKULON, TOO. ONCE HE
ARRIVED HERE ON
EARTH, HE TOOK THE
NAME OF HIS
NATIVE PLANET AS
HIS OWN!

NEXT YOU'LL
BE TELLING ME YOU'VE
MET THIS HERE
DRACULA!

AS A MATTER OF FACT,
I HAVE! SINCE I'VE MET
VAMPIRELLA, I'VE
ENCOUNTERED EVERY
TYPE OF HORROR
IMAGINABLE!

"THERE WAS *ARM VODOU* DICTATOR
OF THE CARIBBEAN ISLAND COTE DE
SOLEIL, WHO ROSE FROM HIS GRAVE
TO REIGN FOREVER..."

"WE BOUGHT A MAMMOTH MAN-
EATING SLUG, SIDE BY SIDE WITH
DRACULA, IN A FAR OFF NETHER-
DIMENSION..."



"DEMONS, GHOULS, GHOSTS, MUMMIES, LOCH EERIE MONSTERS AND EVEN SUN GODS
HAVE CROSSED VAMPY'S PATH SINCE SHE'S BEEN HERE ON EARTH. NO MATTER WHERE
SHE GOES, SHE SEEMS TO ATTRACT THE SUPERNATURAL, LIKE AN ORCHID DRAWING MAGGOTS!"



ONE MORE THING
THE LADY SEEMS
TO ATTRACT...
NUTS!...

YOU GOT
SOME NERVE
BOY, COMIN' IN
HERE, TELLIN'
US A STORY
LIKE THAT!

WHAT ARE YOU
TRYIN' TO
ACCOMPLISH...
A ONE-WAY TRIP
TO THE PSYCHO
WARD?

HOLD IT, LIEUTENANT!
I DON'T BELIEVE THESE WILD
STORIES ANY MORE THAN YOU!

BUT THE BOY MIGHT BE
RIGHT ABOUT THE GIRL
ORIGINATING FROM OUTER
SPACE!

I DON'T KNOW HOW ELSE TO
EXPLAIN HER STRANGE BODY
CHEMISTRY!



HER BLOOD SEEMING TO
BE COMPATIBLE WITH NOT
ONE, BUT ALL KNOWN
HUMAN BLOOD TYPES!

AND HER PHYSICAL
STRUCTURE... THE TISSUES
MUSCLES, EVEN THE NERVES
SEEM TOUGHER, MORE
HARDENED THAN THOSE OF
A NORMAL WOMAN!



NOT TO MENTION HER REGENERATIVE
POWERS... THAT BULLET LEFT A
NASTY SUPERFICIAL HEAD WOUND...

...BUT IT'S HEALING ITSELF,
ALMOST AS THOUGH THE GIRL HAD
INCREDIBLE POWERS OVER HER
PHYSICAL BEING...

...CONTROL ENOUGH TO MAYBE EVEN
ALTER HER BODY MAKEUP... CHANGE
INTO ANOTHER FORM IF SHE
WANTED TO...



I'D VENTURE TO SAY THAT
NO PHYSICIAN ON THIS
EARTH HAS EVER EXAMINED
THIS YOUNG WOMAN. IF THEY
HAD, SHE WOULD HAVE BEEN
WRITTEN UP IN MEDICAL
JOURNALS FROM HERE TO
CHINA!

I'D SAY THERE WAS SOME
CREDENCE TO THE MAN'S
STORY, LIEUTENANT!

BUT ALIENS
FROM OUTER SPACE?
HELL! I'M WORKING ON
A MASS MURDER CASE,
DOC. I CAN'T CHALK IT
ALL UP TO SPACEMEN
IN MY REPORT!

WHATEVER YOU
WRITE ABOUT, I
HOPE IT'S
BELIEVABLE.

SHHHH! THE
GIRL'S
REGAINING
CONSCIOUSNESS!

UGGGGNNN!





FIRST WE'VE GOT TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE!

I'VE DONE A LOT OF THINGS FOR YOU, HONEY! BUT NOTHIN' LIKE WHAT I'M ABOUT TO DO NOW!

LIEUTENANT! COME QUICK!

WHAT IS IT, SULP-BOY?

LIEUTENANT, I'M SORRY I'VE GOT TO DO THIS...BUT IT COULD BE MORE DANGEROUS FOR YOU IF I ALLOWED YOU TO KEEP VAMPIRELLA IN CUSTODY!

A-ADAM... PLEASE HURRY... I-I'M SO WEAK!

I KNOW WE'LL BE SEEN YOU AGAIN LIEUTENANT. I SURE AS HELL HOPE YOU DON'T HOLD GRUDGES!

DROP THE GUN OFFICER! AND REAL SLOW-LIKE, DIG OUT YOUR HANDCUFFS!

OKAY, BABY! LET'S MOVE IT! WE'VE GOT JUST ONE STOP TO MAKE ON THE WAY!

YOU'LL EXCUSE US, SIR, IF WE JUST BORROW THIS FOR A MOMENT!

MANY THANKS PAL. THE LADY ENJOYED THAT IMMENSELY.

IF YOU CALL THE NURSE, MAYBE SHE'LL GIVE YOU A REFUND ON THE BOTTLE!

G'NIGHT NOW!

AND AS TWIN FIGURES SLINK
INTO THE DARKNESS OF NEW
YORK CITY'S STREETS, A LONE,
VERY TIRED OLD MAN
CONTINUES HIS VIGIL AT THE
BEDSIDE OF HIS OLD FRIEND.

HE DOZES... THEN NODS
BACK INTO SEMI-
WAKEFULNESS...



...AND NEVER ONCE SEES THE
DEADLY BARREL OF THE .38
CALIBRE SPECIAL POINTING
DIRECTLY AT HIS HEART.

ONLY AT THE LAST MOMENT,
DOES A TINGLING SPECIAL
SENSE WARN HIM THAT
ANYTHING IS WRONG AT ALL...



...BUT IT IS A WARNING THAT COMES
MUCH TOO LATE!

BDAM!



YOU OKAY
NOW, HONEY?

THE BLOOD HELPED
A LITTLE, ADAM! BUT
I'LL NEED MORE
SOON!

A- AND I STILL
FEEL WEAK
FROM MY WOUND!

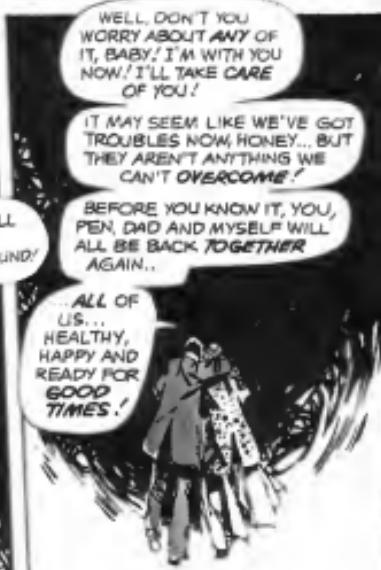


WELL, DON'T YOU
WORRY ABOUT ANY OF
IT, BABY! I'M WITH YOU
NOW! I'LL TAKE CARE
OF YOU!

IT MAY SEEM LIKE WE'VE GOT
TROUBLES NOW, HONEY... BUT
THEY AREN'T ANYTHING WE
CAN'T OVERCOME!

BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, YOU,
PEN, DAD AND MYSELF WILL
ALL BE BACK TOGETHER
AGAIN...

...ALL OF
US...
HEALTHY,
HAPPY AND
READY FOR
GOOD
TIMES!



PROLOGUE

WHERE DOES WAR END ?
IS WAR AT END WHEN THE
LAST POOR, FOOLISH
SOLDIER HAS BEEN
SLAIN ?

IS IT OVER THEN ?



OR DOES IT TARRY A LITTLE
LONGER, WHILE WOMEN AND
CHILDREN SEARCH CARNAGE
STREWN BATTLEFIELDS FOR
MISSING SONS, FATHERS AND
HUSBANDS.

IS WAR OVER THEN ?



OR DOES THE PURE VIOLENCE
OF WAR'S IDIOTY, ONCE UN-
LEASHED, KNOW NO BOUND-
ARIES? NEVER END ?

DOES IT CONTINUE TO RAGE
BLOODILY THROUGHOUT SPACE
AND TIME ? TOUCH ALIEN
WORLD AFTER ALIEN WORLD ?
THEN PASS EVER ONWARD,
SEARCHING FOR NEW BLOOD
TO SPILL ?

IS WAR, THEN, A DISEASE WHICH, ONCE
BEGUN, RAVAGES ON UNTIL THERE ARE
NO NEW WORLDS TO SLAY ? NO MORE
BATTLEFIELDS TO DRENCH ? NO MORE
SOLDIERS ALIVE IN ALL INFINITY ?

PERHAPS THEN, WHEN THE LAST SOLDIER
LAYS STINKING AMID HIS OWN RUPTURED
ORGANS, THE EVIL PRESENCE, THIS
THING NAMED WAR WILL STARVE
ITSELF TO DEATH.

YET... I MYSELF, AM STILL INVOLVED IN A WAR.
WAR FOLLOWS ME AS A STARVING WOLF HOUNDS
A HARE. IT SNAPS AT MY HEELS. IT HAS NEED TO
DEVOUR ME QUICKLY, FOR I AM THE LAST
SOLDIER.



TO RECOUNT MY TALE, I, TOO, MUST BE QUICK.
THE WAR WILL AGAIN BE UPON ME... AND THEN
DIE. EVEN AS I DIE, I CAN FEEL IT COMING.
AS SILENTLY AS DRIFTING SNOW, AS PALE
AS MOONLIGHT, IT COMES. AND THERE WILL
BE THE FINAL BATTLE FOR WAR AND ITS
LAST SOLDIER.



I AM AT THE END OF MY
STRENGTH. FEVERED SICKNESS
WORKS WORKS IN MY GULLET.
BUT I PAY NO HEED TO THIS
PLAQUE. PLAQUE IS BUT AN
EXTENSION OF WAR'S EFFORTS
AGAINST MANKIND. TWO LETHAL
FANGS IN THIS ALL-DEVOURING
MOUTH.

THERE WILL BE NO WINNER,
EXCEPT, PERHAPS, HUMANITY
ITSELF. I COULD BE VICTOR
IN THIS FINAL GAMING, BUT
IT WOULD BE VICTORY ONLY
IF I DIED... THIS BURYING
WAR'S SHADOW IN A GRAVE
BESIDE ME.

THE WOLVES AT WAR'S END!



THERE IS... WAS MY HOME. IT
TOO NOW IS SILENT TRIBUTE TO
WAR'S PASSING. THE PLAQUE
RETURNED THERE BEFORE I. PITY.
MY VILLAGE DIES, CARRYING WITH
IT MY LIFEFULL OF MEMORIES. DYING
WITH IT ARE MY HOPES FOR A FUTURE
WHICH I WILL NEVER SEE. THRICE THE PITY.

AFTER SIX YEARS OF THE CRUSADES... OF MURDERING RUTHLESSLY IN THE NAME OF CHRIST IN PALESTINE... I RETURNED TO THE JEERS OF MY VILLAGE. NO MORE WELCOME THAN WOULD BE THE SARACENS, AGAINST WHOM I HAD WARRED.



MY LOVELY VILLAGE CLOVES, ONCE BRIGHT WITH THE PROMISE OF TOMORROW, AGLOW WITH THE MEMORY OF YESTERDAY, ALIVE WITH THE ZEST OF TODAY, IT HAD ALL CHANGED. CHANGED AS CERTAINLY AS HAD I.



THE WINDING COBBLE STREETS WERE EMPTY AND VOID OF WARMTH. WINDOWS WERE SHUTTERED, BOARDED AND BARRED, NO SMILING FACE PEERED FROM HOMELY WINDOWS. NO CHILDREN... CHILDREN! OH MY GOD, THE CHILDREN!



THERE WERE NO CHILDREN! GOD'S HOLY CRUSADES HAD TAKEN EVERY ONE OF THEM. FOR CLOVES, THERE WOULD NEVER AGAIN BE THE LAUGHTER OF PLAYING CHILDREN. FOR ONCE, A BOY NAMED STEPHEN HAD HAD A VISION OF JESUS.



JESUS HAD BIDDEN POOR, FOOLISH STEPHEN TO GATHER THE CHILDREN OF EUROPE AND LEAD THEM TO THE HOLY LAND.

I WAS BY HIS SIDE AS WE SAILED A TRAGIC JOURNEY TO SALVAGE JERUSALEM. TWENTY THOUSAND CHILDREN MARCHED OFF TO WAR SINGING "MERCI CLAMANT" AND "VENI, CREATOR SPiritus."



PERHAPS ONE HUNDRED OF US SURVIVED.

I AM THE LAST.

IN WAR CHILDREN BECOME
MEN AND MEN, SOLDIERS,
WITHOUT THE BENEFIT OF
TIME'S GENTLE AGING.

ADULTHOOD COMES SWIFTLY,
FORGED UPON THE ANVIL OF
SLAUGHTER, SHAPED BY
THE CLANGOROUS HAMMER
OF MURDER. THEN, THERE
WERE CHILDREN NO
MORE.



ONLY DEAD AND DYING
OLD MEN, I HAVE LIVED
MANY LIFETIMES IN THE
YEARS I SPENT BEFORE
THE CROSS AND SWORD.

MY MEMORIES REACH
NO FURTHER BACK
THAN MY BIRTH UPON
A SWORDPOINT.
THE ONLY FATHER I
REMEMBER NOW, IS
WAR.



I HAVE NO MOTHER, I LOST MY
TASTE FOR MOTHERHOOD IN THE
RAVAGED WOMB OF THE WOMEN
I ROASTED UPON BLAZING
PIKEBLADES, RAPED, RAVISHED,
AND LEFT DYING IN THE WAKE
AND NAME OF MY FATHER.



I CANNOT COUNT THE TIMES I HAVE
LAUGHED CRUELLY AS I WATCHED
MEN LAY WASTE TO FLESH AND
FIELD, THEN ERECT CHRIST'S STATUE
TO SANCTIFY THE BLOOD SPILT
THERE IN HIS NAME.

RATHER THEY HAD HOISTED UP A
GREAT ERECT PHALLUS TO MARK
THEIR DEEDS... THEN PRAYED TO
IT!



THEN... AS SUDDENLY AS WAR'S MADDENED
ONSLAUGHT, THERE WERE VICTORIES ENOUGH
TO SATIATE GOD'S WRATH MOMENTARILY. I
TOOK LEAVE OF MY BLOODY BATTLEGROUNDS
AND CAME HOME. I HAD LEFT MY HOME A
CHILD, AND RETURNED A FULL GROWN
BUTCHER.



BUT EVEN THE BUTCHER IS APT TO FALL UNKNOWNINGLY
INTO FICKLE LOVE'S SOFT IRON SNARE. 'TWAS THEN
I MET MY FAIR ELENORE AMID THE DAPPLED
AUTUMN WOOD.

BUT AGAIN, WAR'S IRON
BELLS TOLLED ME BACK
INTO THE FIELDS OF
CHRIST'S BLOODY HONOR.



ELENORE WAS LEFT
BEHIND, TENDING MY LOVE,
WHICH I LEFT EMBEDDED
FOR KEEPING WITHIN HER
GENTLE HEART. I HAD NOW
RETURNED TO FIND THE
SPARK OF MY SOUL... AND
ITS KEEPER, ELENORE.

BUT THIS DAY CLOVES OFFERED
ME NO WARMTH... ONLY COLD
STIFFENING BODIES STREWN
RECKLESSLY BEHIND IN WAKE
OF THE PLAGUE.



I HAD RETURNED TO A DEAD
CITY TO FIND A LIVING LOVE.
MY FEAR ROSE BEYOND MY
FEVERINGS.

HOW WOULD I FIND MY
ELENORE? ALIVE AND AGLOW
AS I HAD LEFT HER? OR, AS
BUT ANOTHER MISTRESS TO
THE BLACK DEATH?



EVERWHERE I BEHELD SIGNS
SCRAWLED IN BLOOD, BEGGING
GOD'S PITY UPON THE DYING,
AND HIS FORGIVENESS UPON
THE DEAD.

AS I PROCEEDED THROUGH THE PLAGUE
WRACKED CITY I CAUGHT SIGHT OF A
FUNERAL PROCESSION... HOLY MEN
CHANTING A DEATH DIRGE! FOR
WHOM? MY FEVERED BLOOD CHILLED
WITHIN MY VEINS.



IRONY! WE HAD CROSSED AN OCEAN, BREACHED A CONTINENT AFOOT, AFFLICTED A FOREIGN RACE WITH OUR HOLY WAR AND ALIEN STEEL. AND WHAT HAD WE BROUGHT HOME AS A SIGN OF VICTORY?



NOT CAPTURED POTENTATES, NOT RANSOMED KINGS AS PRISONERS, NOT SO MUCH AS A CAPTURED FLAG. WE HAD BROUGHT HOME THE BLACK DEATH... COMPLIMENTS OF THE HOLY LAND WE HAD RAVAGED.

MY HORSE FERRIED ME, WANDERING THROUGH ANCIENT, HALF-REMEMBERED STREETS. AS IF IN AN OPIATE DREAM, I REELED DRUNKENLY IN THE SADDLE, THEN... I SAW MEN JUST AHEAD.

THROUGH MY FEVERED GAZE I DREW NEAR... WATCHING THEM.



THEY WERE NAILING SHUT THE DOORS AND WINDOWS TO A ONCE COMELY HOUSE.

THIS... IS THE CITY DWELLING OF MY FAMILY. WHY DO YOU ENTOMB IT SO, HOLYMAN? I AM HOME FROM THE WARS. I...

THEN YOU HAVE COME HOME TO A FUNERAL VAULT. THE FAMILY WITHIN IS DEAD. THE BLACK PLAGUE HAS BEEN A RECENT ROAMER HERE.



BACK AWAY FROM THAT DOOR, MONK! I AM RETURNED HOME TO CLAIM MY FAMILY'S LEGACY!



THE ONLY LEGACY TO CLAIM HERE IS DEATH! NOW IN THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST, LORD... LEAVE THIS FOULLED PLACE!

IN THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST I'VE SLAIN MORE HOLY THAN YOU!

AND IN THAT NAME I ADD YOU TO MY LISTS!



SIR KNIGHT! YOU RAISE SWORD AGAINST A MAN OF GOD!

SLAY HIM AND I WILL FELL YOU AS READILY AS I CUT DOWN THE RIPENED WHEAT IN MY FIELDS!



TRULY MY VILLAGE HAD CHANGED AS MUCH AS I DURING THESE CRUEL YEARS. NO LONGER WAS THERE A RULING CLASS. THE COMMONERS CONTROLLED WHAT PRECIOUS LITTLE THERE WAS TO CONTROL.

I WAS A LORD, A KNIGHT. BUT NOW IT MEANT NOTHING. I WAS BUT A SYMBOL OF EVERYTHING THESE PEASANTS HELD IN *CONTEmPT*. THEY EVEN HELD ME RESPONSIBLE FOR BRINGING THE PLAGUE DOWN UPON THEM. PERHAPS THEY WERE *RIGHT*!



I WOULD HAVE RIDDEN AWAY THEN. BUT A PLEA FROM INSIDE THE WALLED-UP DWELLING MADE ME REALIZE MY YOUNG SISTER WAS TRAPPED ALIVE WITHIN THE HOUSE.



THE WOMAN YOU HAVE SAVED IS CURSED! SHE CAVORTS WITH DEMONS! THAT IS WHY THE FAMILY IS DEAD AND SHE STILL LIVES!



I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO RESCUE HER. WE MADE OUR ESCAPE, BUT FEVER HAD WEAKENED MY SWORD-ARM. THE PRIEST, THOUGH WOUNDED, STILL LIVED.



BECAUSE THE PLAGUE PASSED HER BY THEY SAID SHE WAS A DEMONESS.



I HAD NOT SEEN THE GIRL IN TOO MANY LONG YEARS. SHE WAS A FULL BREASTED WOMAN NOW.



OFTEN SEEN RIDING UPON THE WINDS. WALKING UPON SUMMER'S PONDS. DANCING *NAKED* IN THE FULL MOONLIGHT. *COPULATING* WITH LEATHERN WING'D DEMONS REEKING OF SULPHUR.

FOLLY! CRAZED RANTINGS OF RELIGIOUS ZEALOTS! I TOOK HER FROM THAT PLACE OF DISEASE AND UNNATURAL DEATH.



A GENTLE FLOWER SHE WAS, AMID A FESTERING GRAVEYARD OF CORPSES AND MADMEN. A FLOWER, BUT STRONG. SHE MADE NO SOUND AS I BORE HER AWAY INTO THE NIGHT'S QUIET COLD... SEARCHING FOR SOME TINY ILLUSION OF SAFETY... AND MY LOST ELENORE.



ALTHOUGH I WAS MILES FROM INSANE CLOVES, I COULD ALMOST HEAR THE SORDID WHISPERS OF GOD'S OWN ASSASSINS!

THE GIRL IS A SORCERESS. SHE MUST BE SLAIN WITH IRON BLESSED WITH SACRAMENTS AND HOLY OILS. THAT FOOL UNWITTINGLY UNLEASHES HER EVIL UPON THE WORLD.

FOLLOW HIM. KILL THEM BOTH IF NEED BE. GOD COMMANDS IT OF US.

ANoint mine IRON AXE of GOD'S BLESSINGS AND TWILL BE DONE!

OUI. STRAIGHT-AWAY DO WE FOLLOW THEIR TRAIL!



MY THOUGHTS WERE BECOMING MORE MUDDLED. A THICK YELLOW HAZE LAY ACROSS MY MIND. MY VISION SWIRLED AND OFT TIMES I SANK DOWN STILL SITTING ASTRIDE MY SADDLE!

MY SISTER'S STRONG ARMS HELD ME. GAVE ME STRENGTH TO CONTINUE SEARCHING.



AND... OFT TIMES IN A FEVERED DREAM, I WOULD HEAR THE WORD MY PARCHED LIPS EVER CHANTED. ELENORE. ELENORE. AGAIN AND AGAIN.

MY HORSE WAS WEARYING. WE MUST FIND SHELTER SOON OR PERISH. BUT AT HOUSE AFTER HOUSE, MY SISTER WOULD LEAN CLOSE AND WHISPER. "T'S DISEASED!"



AND ON WE'D SEARCH. THERE WOULD BE SHELTER, SOMEWHERE.



FATIGUE OVERTOOK OUR SEARCH.
WOLVES, LEAN AND STARVED
FROM WINTER'S FAMINE, HOWLED
IN THE FOREST LONGING FOR A
BELLYFULL OF FLESH.

STARVATION MADE THE WINTER
WOLVES BRAVE AND OUR PRE-
SENCE MADE THEM VIOLENT.

THEY GATHERED JUST BELOW
OUR BRANCHES TO TORMENT
US TO SLEEP.



SLAVERING JAWS AND SHRIEK-
ING STRAINS CRADLED MY
FEVERED MIND TOWARD
SLUMBER.

WE SPENT THE NIGHT IN THE
BOULDERS OF A MASSIVE OAK.
FOR THE MOMENT AT LEAST,
WE WERE SAFE.



SLEEP CREST UPON ME EVEN BE-
FORE I KNEW, AND QUICKLY UPON
SLEEP'S TAILS THERE CAME
WANTON DREAMS OF ELENORE.
MY LOVE, ELENORE.



SHE RUSHED TOWARD ME.
I HELD HER IN MY ARMS.
THEN LIFTED HER CHIN,
EAGER TO PRESS HER
LIPS WITH MINE.



BUT PLAGUE'S FEVERED
DREAMS NEVER LET THE
SLEEPER LIE! MY LIPS
TOUCHED NOT HER FULL
CHERRY MOUTH, BUT A
DEATHHEAD'S GRIN
INSTEAD!

WAS IT SOME CRUEL DREAM-
EST PLAYED UPON ME OR
VISIONS OF THINGS YET TO
BE? I AWOKE BACK UNTO
MY TREE BOUGH BED SCREAM-
ING MY HEART TO BURST!

NOOO!
NOOD!

I SAW MY ELENORE...
ALIVE BUT YET DEAD...
AMID THE RUINS OF HER
CHATEAU... DEAR GOD...
IT IS KILLING ME.

DEAR GOD... THE
FEVER IS KILLING ME...
EVEN IN MY SLEEP.

MY DREAMS WERE KILLING ME...
IN MORE WAYS THAN I KNEW.
MY SCREAMS HAD CHASED AWAY
THE WOLVES. BUT AT THE
SAME TIME HAD TOLD ANOTHER
KIND OF WOLF PACK WHERE
WE WERE.

AS WE MOUNTED AGAIN, TO CONTINUE OUR
JOURNEY TOWARD ELENORE'S CASTLE, I ASKED
MY SISTER IF THE WOLVES WERE STILL
AROUND. SHE SAID THERE HAD BEEN NO WOLVES
AT ALL. THEY, TOO, I HAD CONJURED UP IN MY
MIND.

I KNEW THAT WITH EVERY
PAINFUL BREATH I DREW
WE CAME NEARER TO THE
PLACE WHERE I WOULD
FIND MY LOVE.



YET, THERE WERE OTHER WOLVES WATCHING,
STALKING, WAITING TO DELIVER GOD'S GRACES.



MY "SORCERESS" HELD ME LOVINGLY WITHIN
THE SADDLE, WIPE AWAY ENDLESS RIVULETS
OF BLINDING SWEAT WHICH POURED INTO MY
NEAR SIGHTLESS EYES.

I REALIZED I WAS DEPENDING SOLELY
UPON HER STRENGTH.

SUDDENLY, THE ORDEAL WAS ENDED! THE CASTLE OF ELENORE'S FATHER LOOMED BEFORE OUR WEARY GAZE. STUMBLING UNSURELY, LEADING MY PAINFULLY WEAKENED HORSE, I WONDERED SILENTLY OF WHAT I WOULD FIND WITHIN THOSE CRUMBLING WALLS. I MUST FIND ELENORE AND THE LOVE I HAD ENTRUSTED TO HER KEEPING. I HAD NOTHING ELSE. IF IT WAS NOT THERE... IF SHE WAS NOT... I WOULD DIE AS EVEN NOW I LIVED. EMPTY.

I LEFT MY SISTER WITH MY HORSE IN THE INNER COURT, JUST BEYOND THE LOWERED DRAW-BRIDGE, MY HEART WAS SINKING. SURELY NO ONE REMAINED WITHIN THAT MOCKING SHELL, AND YET I MUST SEARCH.

THEN, WITHIN THE GROUNDS, FRAMED IN A DOORWAY, MY DREAMS AGAIN BECAME FLESH! ELENORE! STANDING LIKE A VISION OF LOVELINESS, RUSHING THEN INTO MY ARMS.

I HELD HER... AND KNEW THAT MY RETURN FROM THE WAR RAVAGED HOLY LAND HAD BEEN WORTH THE PAIN AND EFFORT IT HAD COST ME.

ELENORE! MY LOVE! I... I WAS SORE AFRAID! I HAVE LIVED THIS VERY SCENE COUNTLESS TIMES IN COUNTLESS DREAMS!

SEEING YOU, HOLDING YOU, DRINKING IN THE SIGHT OF YOUR LOVELINESS, NOW... AT LAST, IT HAS ALL COME TRUE!

OUTSIDE, THE "DEMONESS" WAITED FOR ME. SHE HEARD NOT THE FOOTFALLS OF THE WOLVES OF GOD.

IT WAS A DREAM REALIZED, EXCEPT, THERE WAS NO DEATHHEAD AT ITS FINISH. ELENORE PREVAILED OVER MACABRE WRAITHS AND SWEPT AWAY MY FEARS WITH HER GENTLE, WARM TOUCH. I DRANK IN HER PRESENCE UNTIL I WAS HEADY AND DRUNK UPON HER LOVE. IT ROSE AND FELL, CRASHING UPON MY SOUL LIKE SEA BREAKERS. IT CONSUMED ME. AND I THUS YIELDED TO THAT CONSUMPTION!

YET... SOMETHING WAS STRANGE ABOUT HER. SHE WAS EXACTLY THE SAME AS WHEN I'D SEEN HER LAST, YEARS AGO. NOT ONE SINGLE HAIR WAS CHANGED RATHER THAN EXPLORE THE REASONS FOR THIS, I CHOSE TO MAKE MYSELF MORE DRUNKEN UPON HER LUSHNESS.



MY SISTER STOOD TRANSFIGURED IN THE RUINED COURT-YARD. HER MIND'S EYES WAS TURNED INWARD. SHE NEVER SAW THE WOLVES SURROUND HER. UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE.



I HEARD MY SISTER SCREAM... AND SCREAM AGAIN AND THE DULL THUD OF AN AXE ON SOFT FLESH. GOD'S WILL HAD BEEN DONE. UPON MY SISTER THE SPELL WAS BROKEN.



FOR EVEN AS THE SORCERESS' SCREAMS DIED AWAY... SO TOO DID MY VISION OF ELENORE.



ELENORE? ARE YOU HERE? ELENORE? ELENORE? MY LOVE!

MY SISTER! NOW I REALIZED! SHE WAS A SORCERESS! SHE HAD WOVEN A SPELL FOR ME... NOW IT WAS GONE! AND I BEHELD MY ELENORE AS SHE TRULY WAS!



ELENORE!

MY SORCERESS HAD LOOKED
UPON HER BROTHER... A
DISEASED AND DYING MAN.
A MAN WITHOUT REASON.
A MAN WITHOUT PURPOSE
OR MATTER.

SHE LOOKED UPON ME, AND
SHE LOVED ME... DESPITE
MY WRETCHEDNESS... AND
CREATED FOR ME A REASON
TO LIVE. A REASON TO LOVE.



THE SPELL SHE CAST UPON
ME WAS A GENTLE THING.
A LOVING THING. MEANT
ONLY TO BRING ME JOY
FOR THE SHORT TIME I HAD
LEFT TO LIVE. NOW THE
SPELL WAS GONE, AND SO
WAS SHE.



I TOOK LEAVE OF HER
THERE. I REMEMBER THE
SIGHT OF HER FACE, AS
DEATH CLOSED SOFT
AROUND HER. AND I AM
CERTAIN I GAZED UPON
THE FACE OF PEACE.



THE SORCERESS HAD COM-
MITTED AN ACT OF LOVE IN
MY BEHALF, EVEN NOW PER-
HAPS SHE FOUND A REWARD
OF IT... BEYOND THESE
GATES OF MORTAL LIFE
AND BITTER TEARS...



I PRAYED TO THE GOD OF
WAR... AT WHOSE ALTAR I
HAD SACRIFICED... IN WHOM
I NO LONGER BELIEVED...
THAT IT WAS SO.



TIME NOW FOR ONE LAST
LOOK BACK AT WHAT, ALAS,
I HAD LOST. MY HOME,
MY FAMILY, MY LOVE AND
MY LIFE ALL LAY HEAPED
IN DEATH'S PYRES... WAIT-
ING FOR ME TO JOIN
THEM.



MY LOSSES ARE COUNTED. MY
TALE IS ENDED. IN THE SAME
PLACE MY WAR WILL END. I
CAN HEAR IT COMING. AS
SILENT AS DRIFTING SNOW...
AS PALE AS MOONLIGHT... IT
COMES.

THE FINAL BATTLE COMES FOR
WAR AND ITS LAST SOLDIER.

THE WOLVES! FROM BENEATH
THE TREE THE WOLVES EMERGE.
THE WOLVES I HAD CREATED
FROM MY OWN TORTURED
DREAMS. JUST AS I HAD
CREATED VISIONS OF ELENORE...
AND LIFE AND LOVE.

THEY ARE HERE AGAIN.
THE WOLVES OF MY
SOUL. THE WOLVES OF
WAR.

THERE WILL BE NO
VICTOR HERE. NOT
EVEN DEATH ITSELF.
I CANNOT KILL THEM.
NOR THEY ME. WE ARE
EACH OTHER'S
CREATIONS.

THE BATTLE WILL NEVER
BE DONE. I WILL CARRY
IT WITH ME... BEYOND THIS
LIFE... INTO ETERNITY!

UPON THE BATTLEFIELDS I REALIZED
THERE WAS NO GOD. I CAN ONLY
HOPE THERE IS NO HELL. FOR I
HAVE BEEN TO HELL, AND THEY
CALL IT A HOLY WAR.

IN MY SEARCH FOR JUSTICE I CREATED
WAR.

IN MY SEARCH FOR WAR I CREATED DEATH.
IN MY SEARCH FOR DEATH... I HAVE LOST
MY SOUL.

PROLOGUE

IT WAS OVER FOR ANOTHER DAY.

EVEN IN HER EARLIEST MEMORIES, CARLY GRANT WANTED TO BE A DANCER. SHE SOMETIMES ENVISIONED HERSELF PERFORMING WITH THE NEW YORK BALLET, GLIDING GRACEFULLY, DELICATELY ACROSS THE STAGE.



NOT THAT SHE REALLY MINDED HER JOB. SHE HAD LONG AGO CONVINCED HERSELF THAT SHE PERFORMED A PUBLIC SERVICE FOR LONELY, TIMID MEN WHO WATCHED EVERY MOVEMENT OF HER BODY WITH SECRET VICARIOUS SMILES.



STILL, SHE WISHED JUST ONCE TO HEAR THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE FOR HER TALENT, RATHER THAN THE SIZE OF HER MAMMARIES.

IT WAS AT 1:25 ON A MILD APRIL MORNING THAT CARLY GRANT LEARNED IT DIDN'T MAKE A DAMN BIT OF DIFFERENCE ANYWAY!



THE BALLET WAS NO MORE THAN THIRTY BLOCKS AWAY. YET IT SEEMED A MILLION MILES FROM THIS BLEAZY BURLESQUE HOUSE THAT SMELLED OF LIQUOR AND SEMEN AND OTHER BODY FUNCTIONS.



THAT WAS THE TIME SHE WAS ATTACKED BY THE EASTER BUNNY!

the EASTER BUNNY MURDERS

IT SEEMED TO DETECTIVE BENNY BIGGERS THAT SPRING FEVER HAD DEVELOPED INTO SPRING PNEUMONIA. AS THE SNOW MELTS IN A CITY SO DO THE PSYCHOLOGICAL BARRIERS THAT CAUSE MEN TO HIBERNATE DURING THE WINTER MONTHS.

AND WHEN THERE IS MORE SOCIALIZING, THERE IS MORE ANTI-SOCIALIZING. THE NUMBER OF KNIFINGS, MUGGINGS, AND ASSAULTS RISE PROPORTIONATELY. IT WAS NOW APRIL, AND THEY SHOWED NO SIGN OF LETTING UP.



EVEN WHEN BENNY BIGGERS HEARD THE REPORTS OF FOURTEEN EYEWITNESSES, INCLUDING PATROLMAN DAVE EVERLY, HE DIDN'T **BELIEVE IT**.

BUT THE WOMAN WAS DEAD... THERE WAS NO QUESTION ABOUT THAT...!



AND THE LAB BOYS DID FIND TRACES OF SHORT, WHITE **FUR** MINGLED WITH THE BLOOD AND THE VICTIM'S OWN HAIR.

NONETHLESS, IN THE FACE OF SUCH INSURMOUNTABLE **EVIDENCE**, BENNY BIGGERS HAD TO OPERATE UNDER THE ASSUMPTION THAT IT **WAS** TRUE.



TELL ME, DAVE. TELL ME THIS IS SOME KIND OF RELATED APRIL FOOL JOKE. YOU DIDN'T REALLY SEE A SEVEN FOOT RABBIT.

YOU THINK I COERCED FOURTEEN PEOPLE TO SWEAR TO THE SAME STORY?

OF COURSE I SAW A SEVEN FOOT RABBIT.



WHAT DID IT DO... JUST HOP AWAY?

NO! IT DUCKED INTO THE EIGHTH AVENUE SUBWAY STATION. I LOST IT THERE.



UNLESS IT WAS ABLE TO ALTER IT'S FORM... LIKE A VAMPIRE OR WEREWOLF!



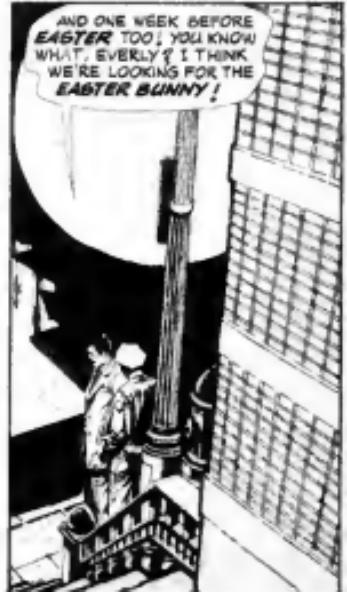
AND ONE WEEK BEFORE EASTER TOO! YOU KNOW WHAT, EVERLY? I THINK WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE EASTER BUNNY!



A SEVEN FOOT RABBIT DOESN'T RIDE THE A TRAIN WITHOUT SOMEONE NOTICING. NOT EVEN IN THIS CITY!

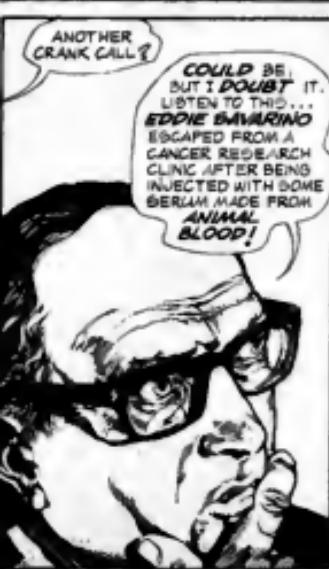


ARE YOU KIDDING? WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO BELIEVE... SEVEN FOOT BUNNIES OR MONSTERS?



AT THAT MOMENT, DR. WILL CRUDDEN KNEW NOTHING OF THE EVENTS IN TIMES SQUARE, NOR OF THE SOUVENIR GIVEN TO THE STRANGE PERPETRATOR. NOR DID HE CARE MUCH.





EMMANUEL GOMES WAS ALSO AWARE OF APRIL'S WARMTH AND WILNESS, AND IT PLEASED HIM. EASTER WAS COMING, AND EASTER WAS PERHAPS HIS FAVORITE TIME OF YEAR.

TRUE, MOST OF ITS MEANING HAD LONG AGO BEEN FORGOTTEN. STILL, HE ENJOYED THE PARADES, THE ELEGANT FASHIONS, AND THE BRIGHT COLORS.



HE SMILED AS HE RECALLED THE EASERS OF HIS CHILDHOOD. THE GAUDY, PAINTED EGGS, THE CHILDISH GIGGLING AS HE WAITED FOR THE EASTER BUNNY.

IT WAS A SHAME THAT PEOPLE OUTGROW SUCH FANTASIES AS THE EASTER BUNNY.



EMMANUEL GOMES HAD OUTGROWN IT LONG AGO.

THAT WAS WHY HE SCREAMED HIS FOOL HEAD OFF WHEN HE FOUND HIMSELF STANDING FACE TO FACE WITH IT.



THE SCREAMING ATTRACTED A GREAT DEAL OF ATTENTION. UNFORTUNATELY, IT DID NOT SAVE EMMANUEL GOMES LIFE.

IT DID, HOWEVER, HAVE SIXTEEN EYEWITNESSES WONDERING IF THEY HAD LOST THEIR MINDS.



WORD JUST IN OVER THE RADIO! THE EASTER BUNNY'S STRUCK AGAIN. THIS TIME NEAR BROADWAY AND 49TH!

THE EASTER BUNNY?! HEY, THAT'S CUTE. YOU COPS HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR.

"YEAH, WE'RE HILARIOUS" SAID PATROLMAN DAVE EVERLY AS THE CAR SPEED TOWARD THE SCENE OF THE LATEST MURDER, WHERE EMMANUEL GOMEZ WAS NOT LAUGHING.



THE SIXTEEN EYEWITNESSES CONFIRMED THE IDENTITY OF THE ATTACKER WITH SOME DEGREE OF APPREHENSION. NOT THAT THEY DIDN'T WANT TO GET INVOLVED... JUST THAT THEY DIDN'T WANT TO BE COMMITTED TO BELLEVUE.

ONE QUESTION, DOC... WHO WAS SAVARINO'S CONNECTION BEFORE HE WAS SENT UP?



THEY FOUND HERB MASTELLOS IN A RUNDOWN HOTEL IN CHELSEA. HE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TO SAY. BUT HIS PERSONAL BELONGINGS SPOKE FOR THEMSELVES.

THERE'S ENOUGH HEROIN IN HERE TO KEEP EVERY JUNKIE IN THE CITY HIGH FOR THE NEXT TWO YEARS!



A MAN NAMED MASTELLOS, I BELIEVE. NOTHING COULD BE PROVEN AGAINST HIM, SO HE GOT OFF FREE AND CLEAR.

CHANCES ARE IF SAVARINO WAS LOOKING FOR A FIX, HE'D GO BACK TO HIM!

WHERE DO WE FIND THIS MASTELLOS?



THE TRACES OF FUR ON THE FLOOR PROVE CONCLUSIVELY THAT THE EASTER BUNNY IS OUR KILLER.

SAY, DOC... I JUST HAD A THOUGHT!



IN A LOT OF THOSE OLD MOVIES, THE MONSTER DOESN'T REALIZE HE IS LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE. WHEN HE'S NORMAL, HE FORGETS WHAT HE DID WHEN HE WAS... TRANSFORMED!





CULT OF THE DEAD!

MONTE CICERO, 1959. IT WAS OVER. THE SEARCHING, THE DIGGING, THE ANTICIPATION. THE DISAPPOINTMENTS WERE BEHIND THEM, SUPPLANTED BY THE THRILL OF DISCOVERY.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE GUATTARI CAVE.

IT APPEARS WE HAVE UNEARTHED AN ANCIENT TEMPLE, GENTLEMEN. THE BONES SCATTERED ABOUT THE ALTAR SUGGEST BOTH ANIMAL AND HUMAN SACRIFICE!

THE CAVITY ON THE SIDE OF THE SKULL, DOCTOR... WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

A BLOW FROM A SHARP INSTRUMENT CRUSHED HIS SKULL AND...

... CURIOUS... I MAY BE MISTAKEN, BUT CERTAIN TRACES ABOUT THE WOUND SUGGEST THAT THE BRAIN MAY HAVE BEEN REMOVED!

ARE YOU SERIOUS, DOCTOR? WHY ON EARTH WOULD THEY DO THAT?

IT WAS A COMMON BELIEF AMONG EARLY TRIBES THAT SOME FORM OF LIFE EXISTED AFTER DEATH... WHAT CHRISTIANS WOULD CALL THE SOUL.

THUS, THEY BELIEVED THAT BY CONSUMING THE BRAIN OF THE DEAD, THE ESSENCE OF THE SPIRIT WOULD BE TRANSFERRED TO THEM... AS THE OLD SAYING GOES... YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT!

WHAT A HORRIBLE CONCEPT!

PERHAPS, BUT THE IDEA HAS BEEN SHARED BY TRIBES AND CULTS THROUGHOUT HISTORY. MAN, IT SEEMED, WILL TRY ANYTHING TO ATTAIN IMMORTALITY.

CHICAGO, 1975. THE AUTUMN SKY WAS AS SLEAK AND GREY AS THE CONCRETE METROPOLIS BELOW, MAKING SPIRITS MUNDANE AND COLORLESS. THE BODY OF MARTIN GREYSTONE, ASPIRING YOUNG PANTER, DID LITTLE TO MAKE IAN HENRY'S DAY DARKER.



NOT THAT THE CASE WAS MUNDANE. ANYTHING BUT. THE MAN'S HEAD HAD BEEN SMASHED IN, AND THE BRAIN APPARENTLY REMOVED. EVEN IN THE HIGH CRIME AREAS SUCH OCCURRENCES ARE RARE.

IT WAS MERELY THAT THIS WAS ANOTHER IN A LONG LIST OF HEADACHES THAT HENRY FOUND HIMSELF FACING.



EXCUSE ME, LT. HENRY... DO YOU HAVE--?

LOOK, WEASEL. WHAT STARTED OUT AS A BAD DAY HAS GOTTEN PROGRESSIVELY WORSE. WITH MY LUCK, THEY'D SUSPEND ME FOR PUNCHING A STUPID REPORTER IN THE MOUTH.



BUT IT ISN'T EVERY DAY A MAN'S BRAINS ARE PLUCKED OUT OF HIS HEAD...

SOMEONE MUST HAVE TAKEN HOURS AT BIRTH. NOW TAKE YOUR LITTLE NOTEBOOK AND CLEAR OUT.



ELDERSOME, ROBERT THORN WAS RELIEVED THAT THE AFTERNOON MATINEE WAS OVER. HE STILL HAD A TOUCH OF LARYNGITIS, BUT HAD HELD UP SUCCESSFULLY THROUGH THE PERFORMANCE. THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERED.

IF MY THROAT FEELS NO BETTER BY TONIGHT, MY *UNDERSTUDY* MAY GET HIS FIRST CHANCE TO PLAY...

SUDDENLY...

WHAT THE F---!

YOU WILL ACCOMPANY US, MR. THORN... QUIETLY, IF YOU PLEASE.

MIGHT I ASK, WHAT THIS IS ABOUT?

CERTAINLY, MR. THORN. YOU ARE ABOUT TO DONATE YOUR TALENTS TO A MOST WORTHY CAUSE... THE ADVANCEMENT OF MY CAREER!

BUT HOW?

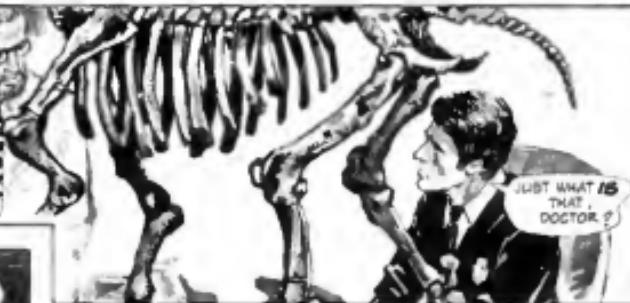
ALTHOUGH THORN'S QUESTION REMAINED UNANSWERED, THE INQUIRIES OF JIM BUCK DID NOT. AS HE EXPECTED, DR. HARRIS WAS MOST COOPERATIVE.

FROM WHAT YOU TOLD ME, JIM, I'D SAY YOU ARE DEALING WITH A CULT OF THE DEAD!

JUST WHAT IS THAT, DOCTOR?

PSEUDO-RELIGIOUS COVEN THAT SOMETIMES EAT THE FLESH OF THE DEAD TO TRANSFER THE SOUL TO THE LIVING.

DISCOVERY OF THE MONTE CICERO TEMPLE GAVE THEM A FEELING OF TRADITION... ALMOST RESPECTABILITY. BY THE LATE '30'S THEY HAD BECOME MORE ACTIVE... AND NOTORIOUS.



Louis Clancy
ARCHAEOLOGIST

I KNOW A LITTLE BIT ABOUT THEM, BUT I HAVE A COLLEAGUE WHO COULD TELL YOU MUCH MORE... LOUIS CLANCY.
HIS FATHER WAS ONE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE MONTE CICERO EXPEDITION!



MEANWHILE, LT. IAN HENRY WAS COVERING THE GAMUT OF VERBAL OBSCENITIES, AND MENTALLY COMPOSING HIS RESIGNATION AS HE HAD SEVERAL TIMES IN THE PAST.

DAMN! OUR INFORMERS ARE ACTING LIKE A BUNCH OF DEAF MUTES. AND NOW... ANOTHER MURDER!



THEY JUST FOUND AN ACTOR NAMED ROBERT THORN IN AN ALLEYWAY! HEAD PUSHED IN, BRAIN PULLED OUT... JUST LIKE THE OTHER ONE!

SOMEBODY GET JIM BUCK ON THE RADIO AND TELL HIM TO GET HIS RUMP BACK HERE IMMEDIATELY!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? A FEEBLE IMPRESSION OF THE CHESHIRE CAT? WHAT THE HELL IS THERE TO SMILE ABOUT?

I THINK I'VE GOT A LEAD ON THE RITUAL KILLING!



YOU STILL HOLD TO THAT RITUAL THEORY?



MORE THAN EVER, I'VE BEEN TALKING TO A PROFESSOR OF ARCHAEOLOGY AT NORTH WESTERN. PART OF HIS LECTURES DEAL WITH CULTS OF THE DEAD... AND THEIR METHODS OF OPERATION SOUND ANNIALLY CLOSE TO WHAT WE HAVE AT HAND.

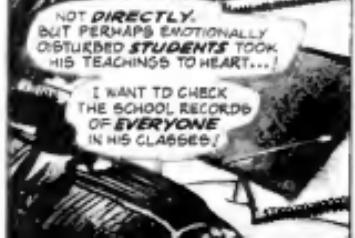


IF THIS DOCTOR KNOWS SO MUCH ABOUT THEM, DO YOU THINK HE MAY BE INVOLVED?



NOT DIRECTLY, BUT PERHAPS EMOTIONALLY DISTURBED STUDENTS TOOK HIS TEACHINGS TO HEART...

I WANT TO CHECK THE SCHOOL RECORDS OF EVERYONE IN HIS CLASSES!



THE FOLLOWING DAY BROUGHT ONLY PROBLEMS FOR JIM BUCK. BICKERING WITH RELUCTANT SCHOOL ADMINISTRATORS, IGNORING CYNICAL CRIES OF 'PIG' FROM HOSTILE STUDENTS, LEAPING THROUGH THOUSANDS OF FILES FOR HE WASN'T SURE WHAT.



BUT ERROL GARVIN HAD MORE PROBLEMS.

THE SPEECH HE WAS TO READ BEFORE THE CITY COUNCIL TOMORROW MORNING WASN'T FINISHED YET, AND THOUGH HE DIDN'T KNOW IT...

...THREE MEN WERE DETERMINED IT NEVER WOULD BE.



FIND ANYTHING USEFUL, JIM?



I'M NOT SURE, LIEUTENANT BUT AN IDEA JUST OCCURRED TO ME. THINK OF THE VICTIMS SO FAR.

I SHOULD THINK THE MURDERER WOULD SELECT A VICTIM RENOWNED IN A PARTICULAR FIELD... WHICHEVER THE KILLER WAS ASPIRING TO, THUS THE TALENTS HE COVETS WOULD BE TRANSFERRED FROM THE DEAD MAN TO HIM!

I'VE MADE A LIST OF ALL THE ART AND THEATRE MAJORS WHO TAKE CLANCY'S CLASS. FOR NOW, THEY ARE MY PRIME SUSPECTS.



FINDING THE DESIRED FILES WAS RELATIVELY EASY. SECURING PERMISSION TO REMOVE THEM FROM SCHOOL GROUNDS WAS NOT. BUT FINALLY....

WE'RE CLEAR. BEFORE WE GO, I HAVE A FEW MORE QUESTIONS I'D LIKE TO ASK DR CLANCY ABOUT THOSE CULTS.

IT SEEMED HE STEPPED OUT....

DOESN'T MATTER. HE REFERRED SEVERAL TIMES TO A TEXTBOOK HIS FATHER HAD WRITTEN ABOUT THE EXPEDITION.

IM SURE CLANCY WON'T MIND IF I BROWSE THROUGH IT.

FOR AN ARCHAEOLOGIST, CLANCY HAS A RATHER PECULIAR LIBRARY. LOOK AT THIS... MEIN KAMPF... FRANKENSTEIN... MAN AND SUPERMAN... NIETZSCHE...! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?

IT MAY BE COINCIDENCE, BUT I'M NOT SATISFIED WITH THE GODS. LET'S GET CLANCY'S HOME ADDRESS... THIS BEARS LOOKING INTO!

ELSEWHERE, DR. LOUIS CLANCY WAS HAPPY WITH THE PROGRESSION OF EVENTS.

SO IT IS DONE! NOW YOU SHALL ALL SEE YOUR WISHES FULFILLED!

YOU CHARLES, WANTED TO BE AN ACTOR. HOW CAN YOU GO WRONG WITH THE TALENTS OF ROBERT THORNTON WITHIN YOU?

AND MICHAEL... WITH THE SKILL OF GREYSTONE, YOU SHALL BECOME A GREAT PIANIST...

...AND JOHN HERE, A FINE POLITICIAN!

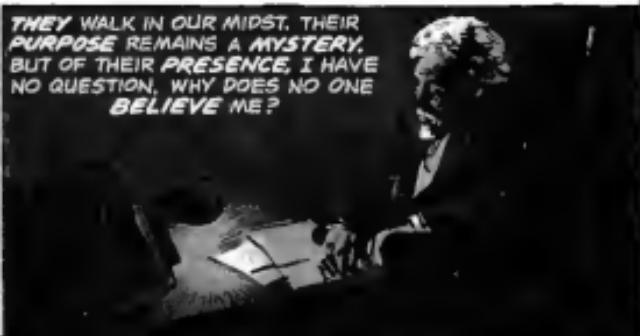


PROLOGUE

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. PLEASE... DO NOT MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE THE OTHERS HAVE MADE. DO NOT DISMISS ME AS A MADMAN OR SENILE OLD FOOL. I AM NEITHER.



THEY WALK IN OUR MIDST. THEIR PURPOSE REMAINS A MYSTERY. BUT OF THEIR PRESENCE, I HAVE NO QUESTION. WHY DOES NO ONE BELIEVE ME?



I WRITE THIS FINAL TESTAMENT BECAUSE I AM OLD AND HAVEN'T MUCH TIME. NEITHER HAS OUR WORLD. THUS, IT IS IMPERATIVE I COMMUNICATE TO SOMEONE THE DANGER CONFRONTING US.



BUT BEFORE I IMPART MY FINDINGS, I MUST PROVE MY QUALIFICATIONS... TO CONVINCE YOU THAT I AM NOT WHAT THEY SAY I AM.



HERE THEN IS THE FULL STORY. JUDGE FOR YOURSELF...

...AND DO SO WITHOUT PREJUDICE OR INDIFFERENCE, FOR THE CONSEQUENCES OF ERRORS MIGHT PROVE DISASTROUS TO US ALL.

The Last Testament of Angus Grow!

I WAS BORN 84 YEARS AGO, THE SON OF A PROMINENT NUCLEAR-PHYSICIST. FROM EARLIEST CHILDHOOD, I WAS TAUGHT TO RESPECT THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD AND THE VALUE OF EMPIRICAL DATA.

HENCE, I DEVELOPED INTO A SOMEWHAT PRECOCIOUS CHILD.





I HAD A **LONELY** CHILDHOOD, WITH FEW **FRINEDS**. PEOPLE TEND TO BE **EMOTIONAL**, **IRRATIONAL**, AND **RESISTANT** TO SCIENTIFIC **CLASSIFICATION**. **THUS**, THEY **FRUSTRATED** AND EVENTUALLY **BORED** ME.

INSTEAD, I SPENT COUNTLESS HOURS READING ADVANCED **TEXTS**, AND AT AN EARLY AGE, WAS **PROFICIENT** IN CHEMISTRY, PHYSICS, MATHEMATICS, AND **BIOLOGY**.

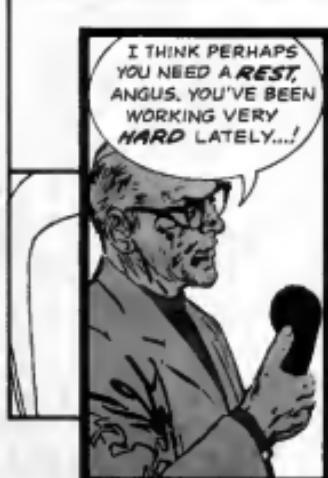


MY LEISURE HOURS WERE SPENT IN SCANNING THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC **JOURNALS** AND **MAGAZINES** AND SPECULATING UPON THEIR **CONTENTS**.

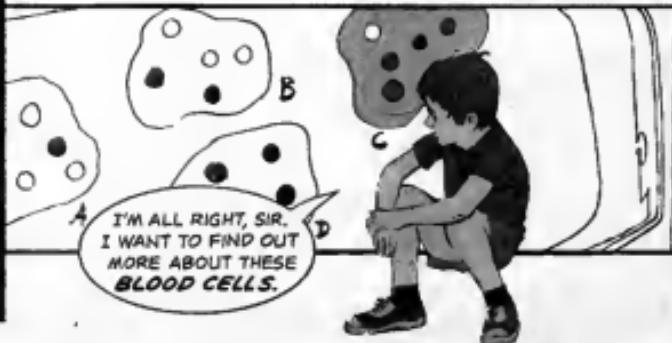
LIFE WAS A DAILY ROUTINE OF EATING, STUDYING, AND SLEEPING FROM WHICH I SELDOM **MARRIED**.



I THINK PERHAPS YOU NEED A **REST**, ANGUS. YOU'VE BEEN WORKING VERY HARD LATELY...!



MY FATHER PROVIDED THE **BEST TUTORS** IN EVERY FIELD TO SUPERVISE MY **EDUCATION**, AND I SPENT MOST OF MY TIME IN THEIR **COMPANY**.



ACCORDING TO MY FATHER'S WISHES, I ADHERED TO A RIGID PROGRAM OF SELF-DISCIPLINE. IN THAT TIME, I KNEW NO HUMAN CONTACT SAVE MY FATHER AND MY TEACHERS. BUT THERE WAS ONE WHOM I OFTEN THOUGHT ABOUT!



FATHER TELLS ME MY MOTHER DIED GIVING ME BIRTH. I WONDER WHAT SHE WAS LIKE?



HE SPEAKS OF HER SO COLDLY. I WONDER IF HE LOVED HER.

I WISH HE'D KEPT SOME PHOTOGRAPHS, SO I'D KNOW HOW PRETTY SHE WAS.



I SPOKE TO NO ONE ABOUT MY CURIOSITY, FOR FATHER ALWAYS SEEMED RELUCTANT TO DISCUSS THE SUBJECT.

BUT I WOULD OFTEN LAY AWAKE AT NIGHT AND THINK ABOUT HER.

AT THAT TIME, I WAS STILL UNAWARE OF THE ALIENS. MY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THEM CAME AT SPECTRUM COLLEGE SEVERAL YEARS LATER.

IT WAS THE FIRST MOMENT I BEGAN TO DOUBT MY SANITY.

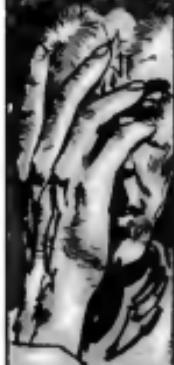


THEY WERE DISGUISED AS TWO STUDENTS. THEY SEEMED ORDINARY, BUT I HEARD THEM COMMUNICATING TELEPATHICALLY...

THE GARBLING CHATTERING NEARLY DROVE ME MAD, AND I WONDERED WHY THE OTHERS COULDN'T HEAR IT.

AND WHEN I TOLD THEM WHAT I'D HEARD, THEY LAUGHED.

BUT I KNEW THAT I WAS NOT HALLUCINATING. THERE WERE BEINGS FROM AN ALIEN PLANET WALKING AMONG US.



AND I WAS CURSED TO BE THE ONLY MAN ALIVE WHO KNEW.



IN THE ENSUING YEARS, I TRIED TO FORGET... TO RESUME NORMAL ACTIVITY. BUT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE. EVERYWHERE I WENT, THERE WERE OTHER VOICES, OTHER ALIENS.



IN THE ARMY, IN THE GOVERNMENT LABORATORY WHERE I WORKED... THEY WERE THERE TOO, INFILTRATING EVEN THE HIGH LEVELS OF GOVERNMENT, DISGUISED AS... HUMANS.



AT FIRST I RESOLVED TO KEEP QUIET ABOUT WHAT I KNEW. I COULDN'T BEAR THE MOCKING LAUGHTER AGAIN.



BUT GRADUALLY THE STRAIN BECAME TOO GREAT. MY SUPERVISORS SAID I NEEDED A REST. THEY SUGGESTED I VISIT THE RESIDENT PSYCHIATRIST.

ON THE SLIM CHANCE THAT HE WOULD BELIEVE ME, I TOLD HIM THE WHOLE STORY.



"THESE DELUSIONS ARE THE PRODUCT OF REPRESSION" HE TOLD ME. "DURING YOUR MILITARY CAREER, YOU SAW MANY THINGS THAT YOUR MIND WAS NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO ACCEPT!"



THAT MUCH WAS TRUE,
WHOSE MIND COULD
WILLINGLY ACCEPT THE
MEMORY OF TORTURE
AT THE HANDS OF THE
ENEMY?



COUNTLESS FRIENDS KILLED IN THE PRISON CAMP?



WOMEN RAPED BY ENEMY LEADERS, SOME OF WHOM I KNEW TO
BE ALIENS?



AND THE RITUALISTIC EXECUTION
THAT FOLLOWED, WHEN THE WOMEN'S
PURPOSE WAS FULFILLED?

I TOLD HIM OF THE
NIGHTMARES THAT
I ENDURED DURING
THOSE PRISON CAMP
YEARS, NIGHTMARES
IN WHICH THE ALIENS
REVEALED THEIR
TRUE FORMS. I SAW
THEM AS CARICA-
TURES OF THE
FILM MONSTERS
I HAD SEEN DURING
MY TROUBLED
TEENAGE YEARS.



HE ASKED ME IF I HAD EVER BEEN IN LOVE. I TOLD HIM YES. THERE WAS A WOMAN I SAW IN A MAGAZINE ONCE.



SHE LOOKED THE WAY I ALWAYS IMAGINED MY MOTHER MUST HAVE LOOKED. WHEN I WASN'T THINKING ABOUT THE CREATURES I WAS THINKING ABOUT HER....!



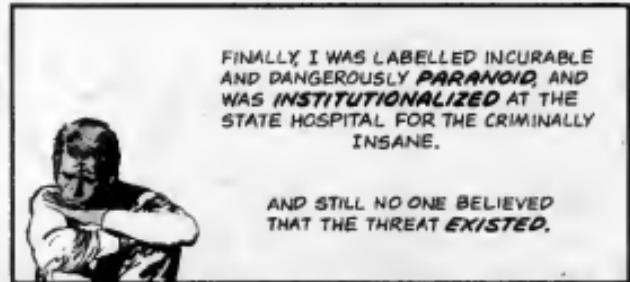
THINKING HOW WARM AND SENSUOUS HER KISSES WOULD TASTE.



THINKING OF HOW SHE WOULD REASURE ME, AND HOLD ME WHEN I NEEDED HOLDING.



THE DOCTOR SMILED KNOWINGLY WHEN I TOLD HIM THESE THINGS. WE MET FOR SEVERAL SESSIONS AFTER THAT. BUT WITH EACH ONE, HE GREW MORE IRRITABLE AS I PERSISTED IN MY BELIEF THAT OUR WORLD WAS UNDER OBSERVATION!



FINALLY, I WAS LABELLED INCURABLE AND DANGEROUSLY PARANOID, AND WAS INSTITUTIONALIZED AT THE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE.

AND STILL NO ONE BELIEVED THAT THE THREAT EXISTED.

THE CRIMINALLY
INSANE? WHY WAS I
THERE? I HAD
COMMITTED NO CRIME.
I THEN REALIZED
THAT THE ALIENS
HAD THE FORMS OF
DOCTORS AS WELL.
MY DOCTOR HAD
BEEN ONE OF THEM.

THEY KNEW THAT I
HAD PENETRATED
THEIR VEIL OF
SECRECY. AND
THEY HAVE FIXED
IT SO NO ONE WILL
EVER BELIEVE IN
THE THREAT. NO
ONE WILL EVER
BELIEVE **ME**,
FOR I AM MAD.

AND STILL, THEY
WALK AMONG AN
UNSUSPECTING
POPULATION,
OBSERVING,
LEARNING,
AWAITING THE
OPPORTUNITY
TO USE THAT
KNOWLEDGE
AGAINST US.

SO THERE YOU HAVE
IT. I HAVE BEEN IN
THIS ASYLUM NEARLY
FIFTY YEARS, BUT
I KNOW THEY HAVE
NOT **FORGOTTEN**
ME. THEY WILL
COME... SOON...!



YOU HAVE SEEN THAT I AM A
MAN OF SCIENCE, NOT AN
EMOTIONAL **IDIOT**. DON'T LET
THE DOUBLE-TALK OF THE
PSYCHIATRISTS DISSUADE
YOU.



YOU'VE STUDIED
THE OLD MAN'S CASE,
DR. HALL. WHAT'S YOUR
DIAGNOSIS?
WAS HE MAD?

OF COURSE, HE
WAS SUFFERING
FROM PARANOID
DELUSIONS!

THEN HOW DO YOU
EXPLAIN THE BLOOD
SAMPLE? THE DISEASE
THAT KILLED ANGUS
CROW WAS NOTHING
SEEN ON THIS
EARTH!

ARE YOU SUGGESTING
THAT ALIENS INJECTED
THE STRAIN INTO HIS
BLOOD TO SILENCE HIM?

NO, I SUGGEST THAT
THE DISEASE STRIKES
ONLY HIS KIND. IT NEVER
OCCURRED TO THE POOR
DEVIL WHY ONLY HE COULD
HEAR THE ALIENS...

A HALF-BREED, MOST
LIKELY, AS HE SAID, HE
NEVER KNEW HIS MOTHER...

YOU MEAN THAT
CROW HIMSELF
WAS AN ALIEN?

BUT IT MAKES ME
WONDER... HOW
MANY MORE LIKE
HIM ARE THERE
WALKING AROUND
OUT THERE?

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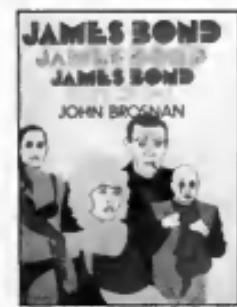
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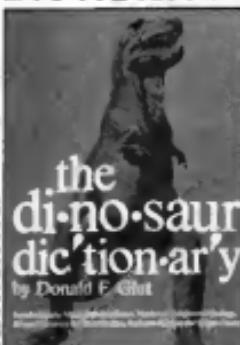
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HORROR REVIEW

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This high quality 220 page Italian book has something for everyone interested in the horror comic genre. It begins with seven full color pages of Windsor McCay's "Dreams of a Rarebit Fiend" (you can't find a much finer opener than that). It proceeds through early EC pages into the present with examples from adult underground European comics and the American comics underground with sample stories by Rich Corben and Greg Irons. Many American and European "above-ground" publishers are also represented, including five Warren Publishing black and white tales reproduced in full. Samples are included of European work by such foreign favorites as Esteban Maroto, Jose Bea and many whose work is less familiar to the majority of the American horror comics audience. The text in Italian doesn't present as much of a problem as you might have expected. The art tends to speak for itself. "Il Piacere della Paura" has the best in international horror comic art and authorship from McCay's "Dreams of a Rarebit Fiend" to Corben's "Cid & Opey!" Order this book now! #21170/\$13.95.

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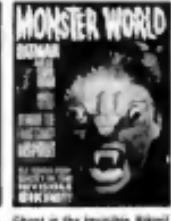
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